

Fireside

Story: Fireside

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12476621/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Friendship

Author: Droory

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/4163663/>

Last updated: 05/06/2017

Words: 1494

Rating: K

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Isaac is doubting himself the night before Venus Lighthouse. Garet is there to reassure him.

***Chapter 1*: Fireside**

Gasp it's not romance!

Enjoy!

"Still up?"

Isaac blinked and turned his eyes away from the dim light of their dying campfire. How long had he been here since everyone else turned in for the night? This wasn't like him; usually he was the one to impose a bedtime before turning in himself.

Garet took a seat next to him and, with the quick pulse of silvery Psynergy, reignited the fire, *"What's wrong?"*

Isaac smirked and raised an eyebrow, *"Does something have to be wrong for me to be up late?"*

"Usually." Garet quipped, flashing a wide smile at his oldest friend, *"So, what's up?"*

Isaac turned back to the fire staring, listening to the crackle and pop of firewood as he tried to sort his thoughts. What was wrong? Usually he didn't have much trouble sleeping, or sorting his thoughts. He liked to think of himself as a relatively concise and in control person.

"Tomorrow isn't it?" Garet offered, seeing the obvious confusion in Isaac's blue eyes, *"Venus, I mean. Felix."*

A lengthy and exaggerated sigh escaped from the blonde's mouth at the mention of the name. To say they generally tried to dance around or avoid the topic of their old friend

would be an understatement. They only really mentioned him when it was related to their quest, catch up to Felix, stop Felix... kill him, if necessary.

They rarely spoke of the old days, of Felix their friend. Now he was just Felix the enemy, the man who sided with crazed warriors from some far off land. What made him want to destroy the world? Blackmail? Some sense of honour for being saved by them? Hatred for Vale for not saving him? They had certainly tried, gods they had, Isaac remembered every detail of that night.

The rain. The winds. The lightning. The thunder. The crashing noises of the rivers. The pounding of boulders. The screams, gods above the screams.

"Yeah..." It was all Isaac could manage.

What was he to say? Felix, Jenna, Gareth, and he were best friends, inseparable for so many years. How was he supposed to face him in Venus Lighthouse? How could Felix stand to face Gareth and he? Would Jenna be there, would she try to stop them?

"Hey."

Isaac shook his head and looked up to his friend. The man was offering him a smile seldom seen on him. It was soft, reassuring. Gareth wasn't one to not be smiling usually, but it was rarely quiet like this.

"Whatever happens, I'll stick by you. I'm sure Felix doesn't want to fight you anymore than we want to fight him." Gareth broke to let out a quick laugh from his nostrils, *"And you know that if we even try Jenna will kick all of our asses."*

Isaac snorted at the mental image of the three of them bruised and beaten with Jenna standing over them victorious, *"Most likely."*

"Look, man, I know it's tough, this whole situation. We're barely even considered adults by Vale standards and we've been thrown into this whole thing to save the world." Gareth nodded, Psynergy flaring to play with the campfire in front of him, *"And tomorrow? Yeah if we catch them there then there's a good chance this is the end of it."*

Garet paused, pulling a lick of flame away from the campfire to play with in his hands, *"But I don't want you to think of tomorrow as stopping Felix. That's not what it's about. Felix is a third party. Tomorrow is about saving the world. It's about ending this and being able to go home with Kraden and Jenna, and hopefully with Felix. It's about stopping Saturos and Menardi. They're the ones we'll be fighting above all else."*

Isaac was always surprised by this side of Gareth, it was rare for him to display such wisdom, not that he wasn't wise. Far from it, often times he seemed to be the only one who had any shred of common sense in the crazy world they were trying to save.

It was these moments though, where he showed a keen insight and thoughtfulness on the future that surprised him, because it was so different from his usual.

"You're right." Isaac nodded, feeling Gareth had said enough for him to answer with simply that.

"Oh, I know, it's always nice to hear. You have disagreed with me a lot over the past year." Gareth smirked, tossing a few sparks from the fire in his fingers at his friend.

"You were generally outvoted three to one." Isaac countered.

A roll of the eyes, *"Great minds are always stifled in their time."*

"Yeah I'm sure that's why Kraden is such a widely recognised and supported scholar."

The two snorted laughter out, quickly stifling them for their two friends sleeping nearby. Struggled would perhaps be a better term as their bodies rocked with repressed laughter before it eventually passed a minute or two later.

Silence settled over afterwards, the two men smiling warmly, the crackling of fire being the only noise surrounding them.

Just as quickly as their laughter had passed though, Gareth was chuckling again.

"Remember Felix's thirteenth birthday?"

Isaac's smile only grew wider as he recalled the events of that day. It had been a pretty standard birthday party in Vale. Sweets, decorations, cake, songs, presents, the whole affair. The particular event that Gareth was referring to was his poor attempt at 'helping' with the cake for Felix.

All he had to do was be carried into the room for Felix to blow out the candles, yet Gareth in his eagerness to help, succeeded in stumbling, tripping and dropping the cake right in front of Felix. Some wondered why Felix's parents had allowed Gareth to carry the cake, the answer being that they didn't. He stole it from the kitchen.

The cake exploded, sponge, icing, frosting, and candles scattering every which way in large globs and chunks, wetly smacking against any and all surfaces they found. Gareth was

covered in it, Felix was covered in it, Isaac and Jenna who weren't too far from the scene were covered, and the rest of the children and the walls had bits of cake over all of them.

And then Felix laughed, he let out the loudest happiest laugh that he had that day, perhaps ever, pointing at Gareth and clutching at his gut as he curled inwards from the strain of laughter. There were no tears and no anger over the loss of his cake, just joy at seeing his friend trip and be covered in cake.

Soon everyone was laughing, gathering up cake in their fingers and happily eating what they could. Felix, Isaac, and Jenna, helped Gareth up, still giggling wildly. Felix swallowed down some icing as he thanked Gareth for the *'present'*.

The four were caught in fits of laughter and giggles, unable to do much else besides hold each other to keep from rolling on the floor as they laughed and ate the remnants of Felix's now destroyed birthday cake.

Isaac realised he was laughing again as if he was back in the moment, and the Gareth by his side with fire in his fingers was there with him, still smeared in the colourful icing.

He felt better, he really did.

Maybe he had been trying to convince himself that Felix wasn't who he used to be anymore, that he was something different. Maybe he had tried to distance himself from his memories of Felix, dehumanize him in some way, make it easier to deal with what happened.

But he needed this reminder.

Felix was still human, and he had no doubt that, just like the redhead laughing beside him, covered in cake or not, Felix

would always be his friend too.

"Thanks, Gareth." Isaac smiled, patting him on the back as he stood to return to his tent, *"When this is all over we'll go get some cake."*

Garet snorted and waved Isaac off before retiring into his own tent. The two kept giggling under their breaths until sleep fell upon them.

"Hey, Felix?"

Felix looked up from the campfire, still worried about the trials of tomorrow, of likely facing his old friends. Were they even his friends anymore? Would they want to be after all he had done?

Jenna was advancing on him with a winning smile, a smile that always served to soothe his soul, even in these trying times.

"Remember your thirteenth birthday?"

A wide smile spread over Felix's lips as he recalled the day, an easy task with Jenna acting out all that happened, and he was sure everything would work out somehow.

***Thanks for reading!
Hope you liked it!***

***Your friend and writer,
Droory***